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A DIALOGUE WITH FAME.

Who art thou, so wondrous fair,

All in glory shining?

Men adore thee every where;

Answer my diring.

I am that which heroes claim

For their deeds of daring;

I am that which men prize,

Why not then despising?

Then thy yielding warrior too,

Woe with desiring,

Shall he hope to climb to thee,

O'er the dead and dying?

Wants of life, and of death,

Nothing do weons not,

If the other comes in sight,

Surely he shall earn these.

One death-bone of gold thou art,

If he breathes, let him die,

Whether would his memory last?

Bright one, wouldst thou call him?

If for good he had nayrighted

That he lay beside me,

In his life, and when he died,

I had not denied him.

One is mounted on a throne,

My realm is thine, I reign;

Come and sit and inspiring,

Spirits of death,

He merits fame,

And he, not, shall share it;

It is not, the greater shame;

His actions will declare it.

One is pulpit priest,

Gain, with things requiring;

How shall he become endow'd

For all his noisy mining?

If his life be meat and pore,

Moral as his preaching;

Even him I teach;

When he hath done his teaching,

Then can I but a humble name—

More, indeed, is humble;

Should I win a wreath of fame,

At the town would grieve.

Strive to climb you ev'ry path,

Glory comes above it;

If the world should I howl in wrath,

Turn, and look, and love it.

RECOLLECTIONS OF

A NIGHT OF FEVER.

By the Rev. George Clegg.

It was the eleventh day of my fever. The

medical attendants had again collected round

my bed for a last struggle with the disease that

was drying up my blood, and searing the very

marrow of my bones. Unfortunately, in every

sense of the word, for my present comfort, as

for the chance of recovery, I had little faith in

them, though to judge from the result, my op-

tion had less of reason than of prejudice. But

I could not help myself. I was far away from

those in whom I should have put trust, in the

island of Jersey, which, for any useful purpose, is

as regard distance, might as well have been, as

regarded time, as far from me.

My physicians had deemed it proper to bring

with them a third—an addition to their number

that I felt at the time was ominous of nothing

good. Still I had an instinctive dread of asking

the one plain question, "Do you give me over?"

This would have ended all suspense, but then

who would willingly put hope from him? I endeavoured to gather from their looks the opinion, which I

feared to ask for; but men of this description

have either no feelings to conceal—long ac-

quainted with misery having rendered them

perfectly callous—or, as in the better and rarer

case, the strong sense of duty has taught them

to hide every appearance of emotion. How

eagerly did I watch their passing glances as

they stood about me! and how yet more anxious

did I listen to their hasty and

hurriedly uttered responses!

Ever in this city—indeed

in every corner of a

French hotel, with

French attendants, I had

seen the point of ease and

of repose—the Repose, the

the Repose, the Repose,

